

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Comper.*



VILLAGE GOSSIPS.

FAIRLY-CUM-FORELANDS;

OR, OUR PARISH AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE.

CHAP. I.—THE VICAR AND HIS WIFE—MRS. VERITY'S DIARY.

MR. VERITY says I had better keep a diary, as it will help me to arrange my thoughts and show me my practical errors in methodizing time. I think it is a very good plan, but I hardly know how to set about it. We have been at Fairly-cum-Fore-

lands a month to-day, and are pretty well settled. We live at Fairly; Forelands is about a mile distant. I like the place very much, but I am not quite reconciled to the solitude. I see nothing but a churchyard from one window and green fields from another. Green fields are beautiful to think of, and to see sometimes, but I am fonder of people than things; therefore I shouldn't mind giving up a little of the country for a pleasant mixture of town.

No. 498.—JULY 11, 1861.

F F

PRICE ONE PENNY.

But Mr. Verity says I shall soon be as fond of rural life as he is—I hope I shall! I mean to spend so many hours a day in the parish, regularly; I have to distribute tracts; to attend to the wants of the sick; to visit the school, and teach there; to form a Bible-class among the farmers' daughters, and another among the farmhouse servants; to find out all the old women who cannot read, and teach them to do so, or read to them myself. Then I must arrange for a soup club, and collect one penny a week from each family now, to entitle them to so much soup in the winter: they will be delighted with this. And there must be a clothing club for the women, and another for the children: Mr. Verity must manage for the men.

Well, I think this is all. I shall have my hands full; but of course the superior people will consider it a privilege to help me. I must take care how I choose my assistants, or I shall create jealousies.

Oh! I forgot the baby-linen bundles, and provision for the mothers; I dare say I shall find half a dozen more things before I have settled—a library, for instance; I have not a book towards one, but Mr. Verity says it is absolutely necessary. Really I have a great deal to think of. As to Bible-classes of men and boys, those I leave to my husband. (June 23rd).

July 30th. I am quite ashamed when I see how long it is since I made my first entry in this journal; but indeed I was so busy at first, and I have been so discouraged since, that I have had neither time nor spirit for it. On the afternoon of the day of my first entry, I went out to form a Bible-class among the farmhouse servants, as Mr. Verity said that should be arranged before anything else. I was in high spirits, thinking how delightful it was to be a country clergyman's wife, and to have no other occupation than works of piety and benevolence.

As I walked over the fields, I grew quite in love with the country, and except a misgiving that I should never get used to the stiles, I felt sure Mr. Verity was right in his prediction of my fondness for retirement. I got into Forelands in the most amiable disposition possible. I smiled and bowed to every one, and felt quite a motherly glow round my heart for all I met. At the first farmhouse I was received with great civility. I stated my wish to get up a class among the servants. Instead of my proposal being received with gratitude, as I expected, I was told at once that there was no hour in the day or night that the girl could be spared. I reasoned on the value of instruction, and the impossibility of servants being moral and faithful if not trained to it; and all that I said was assented to, and echoed almost before I said it; but the main point was unaltered—I could not have the girl. I left the house much disgusted with the mistress, who cared so little for her servant's welfare. I did not feel quite so confident at the next house; and it was well I did not, for I had the same experience: the girl was not to be spared. At the next there were two kept, and the mistress, with the air of one conferring a personal favour, told me, if they liked to come, they might take it in turn; but they did not "like to come," which they

signified with a rude grin; and, as the refusal lay with them, I was too much piqued to urge the point.

I began to feel very melancholy; my gaiety of spirit was succeeded by disappointment and mortification. I will go nowhere else, I thought, as I turned from this house; but a small, neat dwelling, which I remembered Mr. Verity's having pointed out as the Methodist preacher's, was close at hand, and I hesitated to pass it.

When I was a child, I had always a very great respect for Dissenters. My impression was, that they must all be very enlightened and religious, to want something better than most people were satisfied with. I was not aware that most of them, in these days, were born and bred Dissenters, and not converts for conscience sake. This prejudice, as I may call it, has remained with me since I have been better instructed, and at that moment an undefined confidence of meeting with sympathy in my work induced me to knock at the door. It was opened by a woman of a grave and benevolent countenance; she invited me in very respectfully, and was so kind and courteous in her manner, that I was nearly overcome, and felt half inclined to cry. I told her my errand, and how ill my good intentions had hitherto been received. She shook her head, and said she was afraid I should find it difficult to do good; for people there, as elsewhere, were glad enough to be helped in the body, but were careless about their souls. She had one servant, whom she would thankfully spare to me at any hour, or any day I would name, if I would give her notice, that she might arrange her time, and then, for order's sake, keep to my appointment as nearly as I could. This being settled, she called the girl in, and said, "Phoebe, this is our clergyman's lady, Mrs. Verity; she is so good as to say she will give you instruction once or twice a week in the Bible, and you will be very glad to go, and very grateful to her, I hope, Phoebe."

Phoebe, who was a fresh-coloured, innocent-looking girl, said, "Yes, ma'am," with a curtsy and a ready smile. I was so encouraged on leaving Mrs. Baxter, that I thought I would try two or three more; but alas! no success: either mistress or servant was adverse, and I told Mr. Verity at night that the members of my Bible-class amounted to one. As to farmers' daughters, I had no heart to look after them: one is in business as a dress-maker; another takes care of her father's house; another of her mother's; and a fourth has been to school, and doesn't want teaching.

I am sorry to say I have had much the same trouble with everything since attempted. The people evidently look upon me as the obliged person when they send their children to the Sunday school. "They will consider about the soup and clothing club," as if it were to make a winter provision for me. My fears also as to making people jealous, by asking for assistance in my work, were very unnecessary. I see plainly that I must depend upon myself, both for labour and money. As for a library, if Mr. Verity continues to think it indispensable, why, he must pay for it.

December 31. This is the last night of the old

year. How the wind howls through those miserable yew trees. Mr. Verity is in his study. I'm sure he doesn't hear it, for he is preparing an address for to-morrow. I must not interrupt him; so I shall just employ myself with making an entry in my journal. I have come to the truth of a country life since I last wrote; all my beautiful visions concerning it are gone. I'm not sure I ever had any; but Mr. Verity talked me into thinking I had, sometimes. He is the same as ever, and so am I; for I disliked it then, in my heart, and I dislike it now. Oh for a delightful row of chimneys opposite, instead of the rooks' nests in the elms, that give my husband such delight. It is of no use to disguise the matter, I am clearly out of my element here; I have tried to be kind to the people, and to coax them into letting me do them good, but all in vain: they don't understand me, and I don't understand them; indeed, I don't like them—not at all—though I would not hurt Mr. Verity by saying so to him. The children are rough, rude, and ignorant; the women are ungrateful, the men are bears. I had no idea that country people were so disagreeable. Who is to believe books? There they are made so picturesque and poetical. How untrue all the descriptions of them are; give me the town—town life, town business, town people.

At these words Mrs. Verity threw down her pen, crying, "I never, never shall like this place," and, closing her book, went to her husband's study.

"How late you write; have you nearly finished?"

Mr. Verity continued to write for a minute, without speaking; then, looking up with a smile, said, "I have done, my love."

"I am so glad; this is the last night of the old year, and it is so melancholy to sit alone and listen to the wind howling through your favourite yew trees. I thought I would try and write, but it was impossible to do anything, I felt so very dull."

"Dull! I am sorry for that. I have been deeply interested in reviewing the last few months, and putting down the thoughts it has suggested in this address; shall I?"—he was going to say "read it to you?" but an impatient gesture from Mrs. Verity stayed him.

"My dear, I am so tired of everything connected with Fairly-cum-Forelands, that I would rather speak, or write, or think of anything else."

"I am sorry for that," said Mr. Verity, with a pained look; "I think, upon the whole, it has been the happiest six months I ever spent."

"And I have found it the least so," said Mrs. Verity. "I have indeed," she said bitterly; "and I'm sure I shall never like it."

"Why so?" said her husband; "has anything happened to-day to distress you?"

"No, nothing beyond what is ordinary; but I feel tired though I have done nothing. I feel, too, that for all we do, and all we give, we have nothing but ingratitude. I never saw such ingratitude."

"There have been cases as flagrant," said Mr. Verity, with a smile.

"No; you always take their part and I'm sure,

considering the way they behave to you, I wonder at it."

"How do they behave?" said Mr. Verity, glancing over his address, and making a slight correction with his pen.

"How? why, with very little short of contempt; don't they refuse to come to your class?"

"Stay, only two did that, and one came again after, and said that he was sorry."

"Well, don't they refuse to send their children to school?"

"Yes, but that is because they are not yet sensible of the value of our teaching."

"And don't they pass the church, to go to football or to chapel? Have we a third of the parish for a congregation?"

"No, I am afraid not; but you know, Henrietta, I am a poor orator: I have not the popular gifts that attract the lower orders especially; and none would come to hear me who had not some love for the truth I preach, enough to enable them to bear with the lame way in which I declare it."

This was so meekly said, that Mrs. Verity looked at her husband, and thought, as she sighed, "I wish I had some of your sweet and happy spirit."

"You see, my love," he continued, encouraged by the expression of her face, "it has as yet been up-hill work; the place had been long neglected before we came; the people had not been taught by kindness, and all we did at first they met with suspicion. I think, too, we did not act with judgment in the beginning. But we shall grow wiser, and so will they. And I do not doubt, with the blessing of God, that in another year, if spared so long, we shall see some fruit of our work."

CHAPTER II.—IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO SOME OF THE PEOPLE OF THE PARISH.

"How excessively cold it was in church, Charles," said Mrs. Verity, with a shudder, as she threw off her furs by the blazing fire in the vicarage parlour, on her return from church on New Year's Day.

"I was warm from exertion," he replied; "but I fear, if you felt the cold," glancing at her furs, "some of those poor women at the end of the church, where the fire is useless, must have suffered much."

"Oh yes, poor things," said Mrs. Verity, carelessly. "I was starved in our pew, which is close to the stove; but they are used to it—that makes a difference."

"Used to starvation?" asked Mr. Verity.

"Used to cold, Charles; I am sure if those old women have been able to battle through so many winters in this cold place, they must be nearly past feeling."

"There is something in submission to necessity, Henrietta, and more in submission to the will that has placed them here."

"Ah, as to that, Charles, I don't believe they think it any hardship to be here. I question if they would allow that there is any better place in the world. They are quite as proud of their 'side,' as they call it, as Nebuchadnezzar was of Babylon."

Mr. Verity, taking his sermon from his pocket, began silently to turn over the leaves. His wife

felt that her spirit was not in tune with his; she saw that he was about to leave the room, and said:

"Charles, dear, before you go, just read me what you said on the Song of Simeon. Poor old Biddy Sparks looked up so pleased at that. I think she was trying to fancy she heard it."

"No, dear, Biddy is not among the imaginatives," said Mr. Verity, turning to the place his wife asked for; "she was rejoicing, I hope, in the fact of a Saviour being given to men. That fact, Henrietta—the firm belief in it—is such a cordial to the heart, that I can believe she forgot the cold while the words 'depart in peace' sounded in her ears."

Mr. Verity then read; but while Mrs. Verity seemed to listen, her mind wandered on many things—her determined dislike of the place; her conviction of her sinful discontent; a thousand excuses for it; wonder that Biddy could look so happy in that old cloak, so far from the fire; still more, that she or any one could be content to live and die in Fairly, and be laid at last in that dismal, solitary churchyard.

Mr. Verity, unconscious of her wanderings, looked in her face as he finished, to seek for that sympathy with his subject which brightened his own. How often are hearts, supposed to be one, deceived in each other! He willingly believed that Mrs. Verity's affectionate smile (which towards him was heartily sincere) conveyed all that he wished to find, and was satisfied.

The next day was cold, dreary, drizzling. The sudden thaw of a severe frost had made the roads into mud-pools, and the lanes into ditches. It was evening. Against the doorway of a neat comfortable cottage, two women were leaning. They were not too well clad; but so busily were their tongues going, that they seemed utterly regardless of the cold, and of the large drops that fell on them from the thatch. Dorothy Dixon, the mistress of the cottage, stood within the door, saying but little, and every now and then casting an anxious look up the road. They had been long there, resting first on one leg and then on the other, when the heavy tread of a man, splashing through the mud, disturbed them.

"Good night, John Dixon," said one woman, as she turned away. The other did not wait even for this short greeting, and they were both quickly in the lane behind the cottage.

John Dixon was a man of very severe temper. His work, the proper conduct of his wife, the training of his children, the respectability of his home, to these things he gave his thoughts, and to nothing else. With his neighbours' affairs he never meddled. If the idle and profligate came in his way, he condemned them in his heart, but seldom censured them in words, and he detested gossip. He had been trained to hate it, and his natural temper fell in with the training; he never indulged in it himself, nor permitted it in his dwelling.

It was with a stern look and somewhat sullen manner that he took his usual seat in the chimney-corner, without fetching wood and water, accord-

ing to his custom. Dorothy well knew what this portended, and busied herself in getting the tea, and making the porridge for her children's supper. She ventured one or two little remarks, which John answered only with a whiff of his pipe. Getting rather impatient, she said pettishly: "You needn't take on so, John; I couldn't help the women coming here; it wasn't my asking that brought them."

"No, that's like enough," said John; "but you could have helped keeping 'em, I suppose."

"They wasn't here so very long," said Dorothy, in an injured tone.

John answered drily: "Very like they was vastly entertaining, and it made the time go pleasant. I seen 'em here half an hour before I came, when I was on the top of the turnip field, and they looked quite comfortable and settled in then."

"Well, I'm sure I wanted 'em gone, long enough," said Dorothy, ready to cry; "I didn't half mind what they was talking about, for I was in a hurry to fetch the children, and get their suppers and your tea ready, before yop came home."

"Why didn't you tell 'em so?" said John.

"What! and have my name up for being ill-natured all over the place?"

"What signifies! You are more concerned to please me, I reckon, than them as 'll pick you to pieces the moment they're out of your sight, whether you please 'em or not."

Dorothy did not answer; she thought John was very cross, and the tears came into her eyes as she left the cottage to fetch her children. They were at the village school, where they had been left this evening long beyond their usual hour, and in consequence she found them out in the road before the door with other children, playing in the mud. She scolded them all the way home; and there was much washing, and changing of clothes to go through, before they could sit by their father to eat their porridge.

"This comes of gossip, wife," said John, quietly; but Dorothy did not answer: she wanted her tea, and was provoked to think she must fetch both wood and water before she could have it, for it was growing dark. She felt her temper rising, but she knew the cost of showing it; so, shutting the door with as much of a bang as she dared to venture on, she went to the brook.

"How surly he is," she thought; "but I won't give way to him, that I won't. I can't have a word with a neighbour, but he goes on like this; and, as Bet Smith was saying, there's nobody in the place has got such a name for being kept in as I have; and what Sally Brown said about people saying he was more particular than was needful, was very true; and I don't wonder that people are sorry for me, and I'm sure Bet Smith is, and so is Sally Brown; as to saying anything against me, they wouldn't do it for anything, for they're very kind neighbours, and always so civil; but it's because he likes me to be for everlasting at work, working, as Sally says, and it's very true." These thoughts lasted her down to the brook.

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heard voices behind the hedge that divided the garden from the lane. Her own name sounded distinctly in her ears, with a laugh after it; and, drawing near, she found the voices to be those of Sally Brown and Bet Smith, who appeared to have a third companion.

"Well, it's time we was home, Bet," said Sally; "it's good for us as we haven't got John Dixon to look to. I'll be bound Dorothy's had a good beating before now; and serve her right, for being such a sneak as she is."

"Sneak indeed," said Bet; "what do you think of her leaving us to stand at her door for near an hour, and never to ask us in, all for fear of her husband?"

"Maybe she was afeard," said Sally, "that we should wear out her chairs; she was always as near as a skinflint when she was a little 'un, and she hasn't improved. There isn't one as has got a good word for her, for neighbouring."

"I should say it's John's fault," said the strange voice.

"Not a bit of it," said Sally; "they're as like as two peas. Folks lays it on John; but they're well matched, only he's got more spirit."

"Oh, didn't she turn white when she see him coming!" A loud laugh from all parties was the answer to this; and as the worthies progressed up the lane, they got out of Dorothy's hearing, who had, however, had quite enough of the conversation.

"Well," she thought, standing with the bucket in her hand, "John is right enough; I'll never have anything to do with them again; to go and say such things the minute after they've been so smooth-tongued; but I've learnt a lesson, and I'm glad of it. What could have kept 'em in the lane all this time? they might have been down at Forelands twice over."

Dorothy didn't know that, just as they left her door, they had met a kindred spirit—one of the company of true gossips—to whom weather, comfort, health, time, duty, husband, children, and home, are mere trifles, compared with the delights of a long talk of scandal. To her they had retailed all that they had told Dorothy, and added much which they assured her Dorothy had told them, but of which Dorothy was equally innocent and ignorant.

When she returned to the cottage, she found John at the door; the night was growing dark, and the ground was slippery. A misgiving that she might possibly have slidden into the brook had made him determine to go in search of her; but when he saw her safe, he returned to his seat, and allowed her to fetch the wood in. "She won't get any harm that way," he thought.

The evening passed. John was silent, so was Dorothy; but it was an easier matter for John than his wife; she had the usual share of woman's love of talk, and was by no means given to sulk. The children were in bed, and Dixon was knocking the ashes out of his pipe, when his wife said, "John, I promise you I won't listen to gossip again—I won't indeed." John saw by her look that she was in earnest. "I won't indeed," she repeated; "I think you're quite right; I might have sent those

women away, and I wish I had; but I'll never harbour 'em again, I promise you that."

"Well, then, there's an end on't," said John, "and we're of one mind, as we ought to be."

"I'm sure I didn't much mind what they said; but I know no good comes of talk, and them as 'll tattle of one 'll tattle of another. I won't be taken to again this way, I promise you, John."

Now, Dorothy had great trouble in keeping in the secret cause of her hearty conversion to John's opinion; but she was ashamed of confessing that his words had been verified in her own ears, almost as soon as he had uttered them; and John gave her full credit for wisdom and conjugal obedience.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN 1861.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY."

THE gardens of the Zoological Society of London are now so well known, and so fully appreciated by the public, that many persons who have not visited these delightful grounds for the last few months may be interested to know what improvements have been made, and what new animals are now awaiting their inspection. If we may judge from the general appearance of the gardens, the numerous improvements which have been made and are still making, the neatness of the various houses and cages of the animals, and the general civility of the servants, we may well believe that the mantle of the late Mr. Mitchell has fallen upon the present energetic secretary, Dr. P. L. Sclater, and the resident superintendent of the gardens, Mr. Bartlett.

As it is well known, an excellent hand-book has been published to the gardens; and the first great improvement we observe is that of placing conspicuous labels on the various houses, aviaries, etc., so that the stranger shall readily, by reference to the book, get a short history of the living creature he is examining.

The aquarium house is in a flourishing condition, and underneath each tank we see a water-coloured drawing, with the names of the different inmates of the tank. This is a great assistance to the visitors, who now have a chance of learning the names of the beautiful marine and fresh-water objects submitted to their notice. The first tank on the left contains a young salmon, presented by Alfred Smea, Esq.; it was hatched artificially in Paris, in February, 1860, and was brought with others to Carshalton, in Surrey, and thence to the gardens, on the 4th of November last. A salmon boiled and placed on the table is a most uninteresting object, compared to the fish when alive and in the water. We there see what an active creature it is; how supple and India-rubber-like is its body, bending like a corn blade in the wind; how beautiful is the motion of its fins, enabling it to dart from place to place with the rapidity of an arrow—a very swallow among fishes. How great is the contrast between this fish and the lethargic jack, whom we recognise as an old acquaintance, with his nose sore from knocking against the glass, yet still peering through that obstructive medium with his great soulless, glassy eyes. and wishing, I am sure, that he could

turn round and scratch his back with his pectoral fin; for upon his back we see a horrid parasite, head down and tail up, furiously digging his way between the scales of his victim, and filling his transparent body with piscine blood. Our impertinent friends, the perch, are active and impudent-looking as usual. They go in a shoal, and remind us of our London street boys; they scramble for a worm as do the boys for a copper, and they follow about an unfortunate roach (which has a wig growing on his head, of that dire fungus so fatal to his race), and are doubtless hooting their unfortunate brother, and crying, in fish language: "There is a guy; look at his wig."

There, we see, is a tank full of what the Hampstead Heath anglers call "titlers," that is, sticklebacks; bright, shiny, pugnacious little rascals, ready to engage in single combat at a moment's notice on behalf of a blooming Miss Titler, or a nice active red wriggling mud-larva. Their salt-water relations are not far off, we see—a fine shoal of the "seven-spined stickleback," bearing about as much resemblance to their fresh-water friends as does a tall, antiquated, blue-faced weather-beaten tar to a London *petit maître*. Some folks say fish are stupid things; I much doubt it. The seven-spined stickleback is making a demonstration at his glass, expecting largess in the shape of a bit of food, when, from out of a dark rock-bound corner, suddenly swims a fish with a coat and head like a parish beadle. Mr. "Gold Finny" must have his bit also; and an ugly-looking fish, the crested blenny, or butterfly fish, grubs about the bottom of the tank, waiting in vain for the crumbs. Dire and savage are the eyes of this little monster, and woe be to the sand-hopper or shrimp that enters on the domains of this fresh-water ogre.

We often wonder whether there be such things as taxes at the bottom of the sea; and when house-rent becomes due, we think seriously of a moral pointed out to us by our friend the soldier-crab, and consider how pleasant it would be to live in a caravan, and carry our abode about with us. The soldier-crab has taken possession of a famous house; he has found the shell of a whelk unoccupied, and has slipped his tail into it, and goes about with his house on his back, blustering along the bottom of the tank, causing the anemones to shut themselves up and collapse like a punctured bladder; the serpulæ to pop in their heads like rats in a rick, shortly to reappear and expand their trawl-net, like infusoria catchers, when "the soldier-crab's carriage no longer stops the way."

In the midst of the tank we see an old wine bottle, and this is a place chosen as a colony by certain serpulæ; these colonists rejoice in their exalted position, and doubtless laugh at the misery of their friends below, as do certain householders when, from the top-story windows, they contemplate at their ease a row in the streets.

At one end of the aquarium house we see an emerald-coated English king-fisher sitting "attention," silent and solemn on his perch, his beak at "present arms," and his "eyes right," looking at a shoal of unsuspicious roach, who swim lazily round and round the shallow tank, as unconscious

of their coming fate as a flock of sheep when examined by the blue-coated butcher in their pen.

The world has been said to be one vast museum; a fact which can be easily appreciated when we consider the wonder and delight which the most common objects afford us when placed in a glass-case, and special attention is directed to them. We would therefore advise our readers to examine the water newts, or water effets, in their aquarium, and see if they cannot see them at work laying their eggs. Should they not be lucky enough to witness this process, let them catch newts for themselves, and observe their deeds, at home. Newts are abundant in ponds in the spring time of the year, as is also the spawn of the common frog, left to its fate by its batrachian mamma. I know no more interesting process than that which we find in the development of a tiny black speck into a tadpole, followed by the tadpole being converted by the magic wand of nature into a frog. What human reasoning or logic would ever enable us to divine that all these wonderful changes should take place in such an insignificant creature, whose principal use, in the idea of a French frog dealer, is to be cooked and eaten, or else to be experimented upon by philosophers.

It is strange what horror our common reptiles excite in the minds of unreflecting persons. A young lady lately entered her kitchen, carrying a young water newt in a cup; when the cook, whose ideas were somewhat vague as to its nature, exclaimed: "Oh, don't touch that thing, miss; it is a venomous monster; it will fly at you, and jump down your throat; I know them beasts does that often; and I should not wonder if it grew into that awful big beast which they call the leviathan, that eats half an ox at a mouthful. It lives in a gentleman's loch, somewhere in Scotland. They wanted to catch it, and baited a hook with half an ox; but it bolted the bait, hook and all. The gentleman is going to drain the loch into the sea to get it out. I seed the whole story in the papers; so it must be true." Good logic this, for the cook. What would she have said if she had been requested to stew a couple of dozen frogs' legs for dinner, *à la Française*?

At the other end of the house is the abode of the turtles and crocodiles. The cold weather of the past winter has sadly thinned their numbers, and those of the former that remain have contracted themselves into their bone houses as far as possible, and look like so many turtle mummies. These creatures do not make much fuss or parade about dying; they just die when they feel it is too cold to live any longer, and I have frequently been in doubt myself whether a chelonian specimen has been dead, asleep, or torpid, till an unsavoury odour has told me, in unmistakeable signs, that the chelonian has given up his lease, and has resigned his house to make a tobacco box, and his skeleton to the scalpel.

One of the principal novelties of the present season in the Zoological Gardens are the "flying foxes," those curious huge bats from tropical India. They have already been described and figured in these pages.* The attention of visitors will also be

* See "Leisure Hour," No. 474, p. 56. For recent papers on the Zoological Gardens, see Nos. 401 and 445.

especially directed to the yaks. These are curious little creatures of the cow-tribe. We should examine them with special interest, as they are strangers from a very distant country. The yak is a native of Thibet, and inhabits the loftiest plateaus of high Asia, between the Altai and the Himalayas. Unfortunately for itself (and the ostrich shares the same fate), it carries a beautiful tail, and this tail is in great demand among the Chinese, to put in their queer-looking "pork-pie" hats. Our English butchers kill blue bottles by the thousands, by means of their leathern "fly-flapper." The Great Mogul, when taking his noon-day siesta, is often disturbed by Indian blue-bottles pitched on the tip of his august nose, and thereby disturbing his dreams; he therefore provides his attendants with yak's tails, often splendidly mounted, and with these they disperse the monarch's winged persecutors, somewhat as the jet of a fire engine often breaks up a London crowd whose nucleus is a political agitator expounding his ideas of government from a "tub top."

Of the pig family we have two new and curious representatives, now in the Gardens. The first is the "masked pig," from Japan. There is a Materfamilias, with her family of six or eight young.

"Whose little pigs are these?
They are Johnny Crook's;
I know them by their looks,
And I found them among the Japanese."

Ugly is not the word for them; they are positively hideous. Their faces give one the idea that their heads had been cut off, "collared, and stuffed," and then replaced on their bodies; there is a family likeness among them, and I strongly recommend the makers of the grotesque masks to take a hint from their faces, and sketch the design for next Christmas. The young ones evidently think themselves very good-looking, for they snuff and grub about, and trot round their sty with a peculiar "high action," like a London horse in Rotten Row.

The other curious pig is a very admirable example of a Babyroussa. We were, in former nursery days, well acquainted with "the pig with the curly tail;" now we have an amendment to make; we have "the pig with the curly teeth." From the upper jaw of this babyroussa project two long and formidable tusks. These are well matched by those in the lower jaw; but the tusks in the upper turn backwards towards the ears, like two reaping hooks. These weapons are surely of some use to the animal, but what, who knows? The naturalists of old, good worthy men, easily accounted for their presence. "When piggy is tired," said they, "he hangs himself up by his natural hooks to a branch of a tree, and there sleeps till he is refreshed." Our living specimen either has forgotten, or else never learnt this custom from his parents, who are now, doubtless, alive and well in his home, the Celebes. He never attempts to suspend himself, but, on the contrary, is very particular about his bed being made properly. He will not trust this business to any one; he collects the driest and cleanest straw he can find, and piles it all up into a heap; and then, creeping in, he covers himself all over and grunts good night to his long-nosed neighbours—the tapirs.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

LORD CHANCELLOR ELDON.

Of the men I have known, I seek to preserve some of the private traits; with their public character I do not concern myself, except so far as may sometimes serve to illustrate their social aspects, and bring out their personality in the other and common relations of life. Of some, great intimacy enables me to speak so distinctly as to render their likenesses what, in the arts, is styled "very striking;" of others, with whom I was less familiarly acquainted, I can only present portraits, though faithful as far as they go, yet unfinished, with such qualities as a sitting or two could supply for outline and peculiar points. It may readily be supposed that Lord Eldon was a subject of this kind for my pencil.

In his long political career, it is the general opinion that Lord Eldon was wedded, nay, bigoted, to his principles. There is no doubt that he was ambitious, and that he possessed a vast influence, which he dedicated to the maintenance of his party in power, and himself in the pre-eminent position he held—the foremost in their councils, and the most managing in their interior arrangements. These are matters for history to discuss; but in these, and in his important seat of judgment, and in his every-day conduct, the grand mainspring of all was Caution. If the Lord Chancellor committed many contumacious suitors, he never committed himself. Wily and far-looking, a prime mover in the most secret affairs, a shining light in national transactions, and regarded as a righteous guide or injurious obstacle, (just as party politics swayed the minds of his critics,) his caution served him to the last, and he has left a high historic name for future generations to canvas and appreciate. *Non nostrum tantas componere lites.*

In my sketches of Jekyll, and of Lord Ripon, ("Leisure Hour," Nos. 453 and 415,) I referred to and quoted some of the facetiæ of the day, which used to lighten the graver interests and dissipate the angry feelings of dispute and controversy. A spice of good-natured satire is often a sovereign remedy in cases of bitter hostility. It assuages, if it does not remove, the irritation of peccant humours. The often-quoted lines on a Chancery suit, before Lord Eldon, with all its babel pleadings and delays without end, is an amusing example of the fact:—

"Mr. Leech made a speech,
Convincing, learned, and strong;
Mr. Hart, on the other part,
Was tedious and long;
Mr. Parker made that darker
Was dark enough without;
And Mr. Bell spoke so well—
The Chancellor said—"I doubt!"

On a par with this, when the political views of the party in unison with those of Lord Eldon prevailed, and the Prince Regent resolved to retain his father's ministers, the annexed squib raised a laugh even on the resentful features of disappointment—

"Ye politicians, tell me, pray,
Why thus with grief and care rent?
The wind has blown the W(h)ig away,
And left the Heir Apparent!"

Continuing in the humorous vein, which was a remarkable characteristic of the learned Lord when he exchanged (as he liked well to do) the woollack for a dining-room chair or sofa in the drawing-room, it was a joke of his that he was "born in a chair-foot"—*chare* being the Newcastle name for a narrow wynd, at the bottom of one of which he first saw the dim light. To this was added the story of a judge on the Northern circuit, who, unaware of the local distinction from street, proceeded to commit a witness to gaol, for contempt of court, in persisting that he saw three men come out of a chare-foot. Not less preposterous was the sentence of an English judge on the Welsh circuit, who fined a grand juror, present in court, for not answering to the name of Hug Pug of Rug, (as called from the roll by the clerk of assize,) and guilty of the incognito of Hugh Pugh of Rugh!

Few men are gifted with more attractive conversational powers than was Lord Eldon. He was always lively and pleasing, and full of anecdote. In the company of accomplished ladies especially, he made himself most agreeable and entertaining; inasmuch that I have witnessed the greatest dames in the land contend, by every female art consistent with courtesy, for the prize of sitting next to him at table; and wherever he sat, thence there were sure to emanate the jocund sounds of hilarity and enjoyment. No grave Lord Keeper ever led the brawls with more success than did the Lord Chancellor keep alive the stream of flowing cheerfulness.

His Lordship was also fond of the sports of the field, and in his younger days a pretty fair shot, of which he would boast like other sportsmen. Later, though he persevered in the wholesome exercise to near the end of his life, it was whispered that his aim was not so good, and (which he never would allow) that silver sometimes stood for lead in bringing home the birds, the fulness of the bag being not always attributable to his own gun. Perhaps, his caution increasing with his years, he doubted till the game flew away out of reach!

It would be very unjust to ascribe Lord Eldon's extreme scrupulousness, and consequently slow decision in weighing and balancing conflicting statements, to any other cause than a conscientious desire to arrive at the right and true. Yet it amounted to a great legal and judicial grievance. In the most trifling matters the same spirit prevailed. I remember an instance where it was required to ascertain the date of his "call to the bar," and the clue he furnished for the tracing was nearly to this effect: "Search so and so, a chamber in the Temple, between the hall and the gardens—I think on the ground floor. There certain records are kept. Should you not find it there, consult the roll of the inn, in the keeping, I believe, of the master or somebody else. But if both these should fail you, go to such a place in the city, and I am tolerably sure you will find it there. If not, it is really out of my power to inform you whether it was on the 13th or 14th of the month." The solution of the question was not worth a pin's point; but it was the nature of the man to be thus minutely precise. With large over-hanging eyebrows, and a fine dark eye, his look was placid when

sedate and serious, and pleasing and animated when engaged on familiar and ordinary occasions. His walk was boorish. To see him walk down from the woollack to the bar in the House of Peers, was like a ploughman in heavy clay, with loads of it sticking to his heels. Even here his manner was jocular, and his official part performed with great affability. A droll example of this occurred once, when John Clerk, the celebrated Scotch advocate, was pleading, and pronounced several times the word *enow*, for *enough*. The Chancellor drily remarked, "Mr. Clerk, in England we sound the *ough* as *uff*—*enuff* not *enow*." "Verra weel, ma Lord," continued the self-possessed pleader, "of this we have said *enuff*; and I come, ma Lord, to the subdivision of the land in dispute. It was apportioned, ma Lord, into what, in England, would be called *pluff-land*; a *pluff-land* being as much land as a *pluffman* can *pluff* in one day." His Lordship could withstand the ready repartee no longer, and burst into a laugh that shook the woollack, saying, "Pray proceed, Mr. Clerk; we know *enow* of Scotch to understand your argument."

To me it is gratifying to recall to memory this high legal authority in his hours of relaxation, when he was indeed a playful and entertaining companion, mingling curious information and rare intelligence with the common passing topics. Let others quote his recondite judgments and irreversible precedents; it is *enow* or *enuff* for me to have sketched a few of the traits which made him a delightful member of refined and intellectual society.

FABLES BY KRUMMACHER.

THE PEACOCK AND FARM-YARD COCK.

A PEACOCK once complained to Chanticleer,
"Oh! how unjust, how prejudiced is man;
How slow to praise, and yet how very prone
To find or make a blemish where he can!
My plumes, for instance, are by all admired,
But—there's the rub, there always is a *but*—
One man detests my voice; another says,
My leg, forsooth! has not a handsome cut.
Why can't they gaze on what none can assail,
The sun-lit splendour of my gorgeous tail!"

"Friend Peacock," said his brother of the farm,
"Your leg might pass, your voice, too, be forgiven;
But you insist on *universal* praise,
And that is no one's share on this side heaven."

THE FITCH, OR POLECAT, AND FOX.

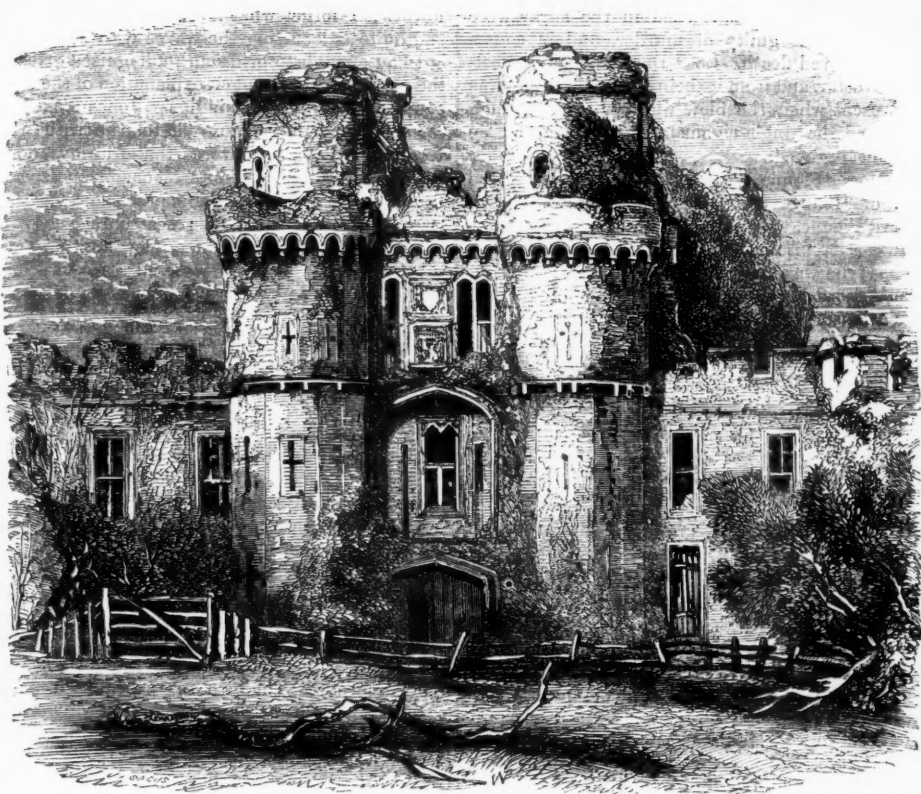
A POLECAT having caught a goose,
Was dragging it with weary labour.
Just then Sir Fox came by, and said:
"What! eat you such coarse fare, good neighbour?
I thought your maw too delicate
For aught less tender than a chicken.
Necessity alone, I'm sure,
Has forced you to such vulgar picking."
"Give me two chicks," said Fitch, "and then
I might be tempted to say 'done.'"
"Two!" cried the Fox; "my friend, for five
I think the goose were cheaply won!"
"Agreed!" The Fitch let go his prize,
And with it Reynard scours the plain,
But vainly for the chicks she sighs,
She never saw Sir Fox again.

MORAL.

Who proffers eagerly above
What you demand, is false at heart;
Rely not on him, lest you prove
The victim of his knavish art.

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HURSTMONCEUX CASTLE,

ABOUT three miles north-east of Pevensey, is allowed to be the handsomest brick-built castle in the kingdom. By whom it was erected is not known. It appears, by Domesday-book, to have been the lordship and estate of Godwin, Earl of Kent. It was fortified by Roger de Fienne, in the reign of Henry VI; he also at the same time enlarged the park with 600 acres of land. When entire, the castle must have had a magnificent appearance; the moat is kept dry; the entrance is over the old drawbridge, between two lofty embattled towers; the building is nearly square; the principal front faces the south, and has six octagon towers of great beauty; the interior was most splendidly fitted up in the old style; the carved work, in oak, was admirably executed, few of its lofty and spacious apartments being without some design in that art. The well-known comedy of the "Drummer, or Haunted House," took its rise from an incident which happened at this castle. The whole of the interior of this splendid building was taken down in 1777. The plans of the interior of this castle are preserved by the Earl of Ashburnham.

The castle consists of three courts, the largest of which was cloistered round; the hall was of large dimensions, and at its upper end were three spacious rooms, one of them 60 feet long, and beyond them was the chapel. This part of the building, including

the hall and kitchen, reached to the upper story; the oven in the bakehouse was 14 feet in diameter; the left side of the entrance gate was a long gallery, intended for a stable in case of siege; under the corner tower, on the eastern side, was the prison, having a stone post with an iron chain attached; the rooms above, in the south front, were the best apartments; and in every window of the many galleries leading to them was painted the Alnat, or Wolf Dog, the ancient supporter of the Fienne Arms. Many private staircases, curiously constructed in brick, without any wood-work, led to these galleries; the great staircase was 40 feet square; the towers by the gateway in the south front are 84 feet high; the north and south fronts were 206 feet, and the east and west 214 feet long.*

The park was well stocked with beech trees, which were esteemed the largest and finest in the kingdom; they are now nearly all cut down. In the church, which is close by, are several monuments of the Dacres, formerly lords of the castle, particularly one of Thomas Lord Dacre, who suffered death at the age of 24, for being an accessory in the murder of Sir Nicholas Pelham's game-keeper. It seems that a party, of whom his Lordship was one, in a youthful frolic had engaged to take a deer from Pelham's grounds, but, meeting with resistance, one of the game-keepers received an unfortunate blow, from

* Gough's "Camden."

which he never recovered. This was adjudged murder, and all of those concerned in the affray were considered alike guilty of murder, and in consequence suffered death. Lord Dacre, from his excellent character, and from its being proved that he was not present when the blow was given, was much pitied, and the king's rigour for not showing mercy much disapproved.

Sir Roger Fienne, who embattled the castle in the reign of Henry VI,* was succeeded by his son, Richard Fienne, who married Joan, daughter of Sir Thomas Dacre, from whom it passed to his grandson Thomas; he was succeeded also by his grandson, Thomas Lord Dacre, the same that suffered death as an accessory to the above murder; it then passed to the Naylor family by purchase; afterwards to William Hare, Bishop of Chichester, by marriage. It now belongs to J. Gilham, Esq.—*Ross's "Hastings Guide Book."*

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOMERS ISLANDS.

CHAPTER III.—THE PILOT'S STORY.

FORBES, the king's pilot, was, at the time I knew him, about fifty years of age. He was a short thick-set man, with a countenance of the true African cast—flat-nosed, thick-lipped, and beetle-browed; but for all that, his eyes had a look of intelligence in them, which was not belied by his actions. He was an intelligent man; and a braver or a better pilot never worked a ship into harbour.

He lived in a small neat cottage, close down on the sea-shore, and some of us nautical characters used frequently to pay him a visit, partly to hear his "yarns," (of which he had a toughish lot,) and partly to pick up, if not sea lore, at all events sea phrases, to qualify us the better for the part we felt called upon to act in amphibious Bermuda. Jones, in particular, was a constant visitor at old Forbes's, whom he used at first to overpower with a display of technical terms and nautical knowledge, to us quite surprising, and to the old nigger equally amusing.

To hear Jones talk of "bobstays," "halliards," and "clue-garnets;" of "the futtock-shrouds," the "spanker-boom," and the "cat-heads;" of "paying out" this, and "bousing up" that, was enough to take one's breath away. But he was brought up "with a round turn," as he would himself have

said of any one else, one fine afternoon, by old Forbes; I forget what it was he said: nothing so bad quite as "cutting the waves with her taffrail," but bad enough to bring an undisguised grin upon the old pilot's face, and an explanation of the abused or misused term from his lips. Jones looked very red and foolish, of course. To tell the truth (which, I trust, you have discovered that I always do tell, without reference to self-interest or aggrandizement), I rather chuckled over this "set-down." Jones was always blustering his sea phraseology into one's face, as though no one knew anything about it but himself. Now, we were all ready to acknowledge that he knew most, but that we also knew something.

However, after that day he was much more humble; I have seen a dozen boats pass as he stood on the wharf, and he only hail, perhaps, two of them. Yes, yes, Jones was an altered man after that day.

But I am rambling from my subject. Well, we were, two or three of us, in Forbes's verandah one afternoon, chatting away as usual, when some one—I forget which of us—asked Forbes if he had not been blown off the island once, when on the lookout for ships coming in, and been nearly lost?

Forbes shook his head dolefully. The recollection of that "blow" was evidently anything but agreeable. "Yes, sa, dat true: made bad weadder dat time; berry near nebber come back." A very little pressing was needed to induce the good-humoured fellow to tell the tale, and here it is in his own words.

I must first mention that Forbes had learned to read and write, and he consequently spoke better English than the generality of his class, though he never could master "th" or "v."

FORBES, *loquitur*.

"It is fifteen year, gen'lemen, since I war blown off de island, but if it war fifty I would rec'lect it all as clar as if it happened only yesterday.

"It war on de twenty-fust o' June, at daybreak, dat we—dat is, me and my two men, Tom and Cæsar—slipped quietly past St. Dabid's Head, out of dis yar harbour, and stood out to sea on de lookout for any king's ship dat might be coming in. Dat dere war one 'spected we knowed. De 'Hawk,' a fifty-gun frigate, war on her way to Bermooda from Jamaiky; she should a' come in afore; she'd bin due for more nor a week, so de admiral say; so we make sure we meet her dis morning; and we stand away for de direction she must come; de wind remain light all day, and we stand on and stand on till de land be noting but a line of blue haze; den we haul de gib to wind'ard, and lay for two, t'ree hour. No 'Hawk' appear, and de sun getting low, no good stopping dere no longer, so we get under weigh again, and lay her head straight for de island; for you see, gen'lemen, it war what we call a so'ger's wind—begging your pardon for making so free—a so'ger's wind, dat is a side wind, fair both ways.

"Well, we had come pretty well in wid de land; may be we war ten mile from St. Dabid's, when all in a moment de wind dropt, and de sail flap flap again de mast, and de boat roll but nebber go

* "During the 15th century, the necessity of continuing to support a large body of retainers ceased in many instances, and the castles were modified accordingly. Some built on one plan, some on another, according to the wants of the owners. Again, the introduction of the use of gunpowder in warfare rendered the old mode of fortification in a great degree useless, except to protect the house under any sudden attack of a party of marauders; and the builders gradually became aware of the fact, so that the gate-house, and the walls, and battlements, and towers began to be considered more in the light of ornaments, and indications of state and grandeur, than as actually necessary for defence against an enemy, and the more palace-like character of the building was gradually developed. The more peaceful and civilized state of the country had its effect; and, notwithstanding the Wars of the Roses, England appears to have made more rapid progress in the peaceful arts during this century than any other country. In Thornbury Castle and Cowdray House, the fortifications appear more for show than use; in Hurstmonceux Castle, perhaps as much for one as the other."—*Turner's "Domestic Architecture."*

a-head a foot. I didn't like dis sudden calm, and I look out to wind'ard—not'ing dere; den I look to leeward—not'ing dere at fust, not to speak of; but I did see a white cloud, bout as big as de palm of de hand, a long long way off on de horizon. I didn't tink much of dat at first, but presen'ly I look again; den I no like him; de little white cloud war twice so big as at fust, all in one minute, and he were coming up 'hand over hand,' faster dan de whale could trabble wid de harpoon in her side.

"Golly, boys!" I cry out, 'here come de white squall; look handy; cast off de jib halliards dere for'ard.' I cast off de main halliards myself, and seized de tiller, trying to keep de boat's head to de wind, but I dare not show a rag to steady her; bote jib and mains'll had come down 'wid de run,' and de squall had noting but a bare stick to quarrel wid. De hatches war put on and battened down, and de squall war upon us. Hab any of you gen'llemen sin a white squall since you come here?"

"Oh yes," said Jones, "I saw one yesterday—a terrible-looking fellow he was, too; he was travelling—let me see—yes, he was travelling nor'-nor'-east, or it might be, nor'-east and by north, I can't be sure exactly which. It was blowing 'great guns' inside that chap, eh, Forbes? did you see de cauliflower tops in its wake, eh, my boy?"

"War dat about twelve o'clock you sin him, sa?"

"Yes, eight bells; I should think it was about then."

"Ah! I sin him, sa; dat no white squall, Massa Jones; dat only what we call 'a scurry,' no much wind dere, sa. But when I say, hab you sin a white squall, I mean hab you ebber been in one on de sea, not, hab you looked at one from de land?"

Poor Jones! how chopfallen he looked, to be sure; he saw us grinning, too, which didn't mend matters. Do you know that, in place of envying him, I began to pity him, I positively did; he was so continually being (excuse the vulgarity of the term, I can think of none so expressive) sold by old Forbes.

"Well, gen'llemen," continued the pilot, "down came de squall, hissing and foaming over de sea, tearing de water into ribbins: all in a moment de boat war buried and we were blinded wid de dash ob de wabes; I nebber t'ought but we were all drowned togeder, de wash of de wabes war so heaby and so continual.

"Well, gen'llemen, we held on so long till we could, hoping dat de squall would pass; but no, he get wus dan ebber; and de boat she roll onmacifal; ober de 'cornings' of de hatchways she roll, shipping green seas at ebvery minute. 'Dis will neber do: we go to de bottom if we stay here, dat sartain;' so I told Caesar to show a bit of de jib, while I hoisted two or t'ree foot of de main-s'll: dar'n't show no more; hi! no sooner de wind catch de bits of sail, dan away we scudded afore it, like Modder Carey chickens in a gale. Nebber in all my time did I go so fast t'rough de water, and it war 't'rough de water' we went, for de boat's bows were buried de whole de time, and de wabes make a clean wash ober de deck from stem to stern.

"Well, dere we sat in de stern of de boat, wid de main and jib halliards in our hands, ready to let

go at a moment notice; and many a time we had to let all come by 'de run' on deck, for fear of running de boat under water, for de weight of de wabes war 'nough to sink her. How long we ran before de wind I nebber know, but when at last de squall pass, dere warn't no land in sight. We had no compass on board, but I know'd where de squall had come from, and dat we must hab been running away from de island, so I was not surprised to see no land, 'specially as it war getting dusk. De sea soon went down, and it war a dead calm, so we 'pricked for a soft plank' and went to sleep; we could do noting till de breeze sprung up. De men wanted to hab some supper, but I said, 'Better wait till morning: mayhap we shall want breakfast and dinner to-morrow;' and it war lucky I did say so, for aldo we war berry hungry, we were not starving den.

"De moment it war light, we war all on our feet looking out for land; not a speck war to be sin nowhere. De sea war widout a ripple, de mists of de morning jest rising from it surface, and de sky war widout a cloud and breat'less.

"I now begin to be frightened; here we war at sea widout a compass, and nobody could tell where—about Bermooda lay, and derefor nobody knowed how to steer when de wind come, as come it would by an' by.

"Fust t'ing to do war to see what we had to lib 'pon; so we c'lected ebbery t'ing, and dat warn't much. Dere war about a pound of dried fish, a foo yam, near a pint of rum, and a stone bottle half full of water, and dat war all.

"Now, lads," I said, 'we're in a 'dicament, and we must get out of it if we can; but fust of all we mustn't eat nor drink more nor is ne'sary to keep alibe, for we can't say when we shall make de land, not knowing weder it lay on de starboard or de larboard tack; and so I'll take posseshun of de meat and de drink, and I'll sarve it out fairly if you'll trust me; but if you don't, and if you take it from me and dewour it all once, why den we all die, dat all?"

"Well done, Forbes," I could not help saying; "if you had been a post captain, you could not have spoken more to de purpose; and the men agreed to your proposal, I am sure."

"Dey did, sa, dey b'have berry well at fust: so den I tuck out my clasp-knife, and I cut equal portions of de fish and de yam, and I gib to each a bit, but a berry little bit; and I pour a spoonful of rum into a calabash, and about two spoonful of water on de top of him, and dat was all we had for breakfast.

"As de day wore on, de breeze rise, and now come de difficulty. Where away lay Bermooda? which way war I to steer? I might be running away from de land instead of to it; but we couldn't stay in de middle of de sea, doing not'ing, or we must starve to deat'.

"Wid a heaby heart, gen'llemen, I tuck de tiller dat morning; we hoisted de sail, and away we went, but where to no one knowed. We sailed about twenty mile on de same tack, and saw no land; den de t'ought come on me dat we were all de time going farder and farder away from de island; and I altered

her course, and away we went on anoder tack: still not a sight of land. Again I altered de boat's course, and so we sailed back'ards and for'ards in de wide wide ocean all dat day, and night come on, and we lay down on de deck sad and sorrowful 'nough. I sarved out a bit more fish and yam, and a drop of rum and water to each, and den I sat and watched for morning, for I couldn't sleep.

"Morning come at last, 'do I t'ought it nebber would come. De same calm, misty sea, de same cloudless sky it might hab bin yesterday: not a sail or a sign of land to be sin.

"Dat day passed like de oder, sailing about de open sea wid sinking hearts, and aching eyes. Anoder night went by, and now de t'ird day broke upon us, still de same ting—sail, sail, sail for ebber and ebber, and see not'ing.

"For fibe day and fibe night we wandered up and down dat dreary sea; a tousand time we t'ought we see land, and a tousand time we t'ought we see a sail; and we bore away for de one or de t'oder, wid our eyes fixed on de objec', till it faded away into not'ing. Ah, gen'lemen! dat war a ter'ble time: hope one moment, despair de nex'.

"De sixt' day broke just like de oders, fair and calm, but we none of us tuck no notice; we war all beat and worn out, scorched and starved to deat'. Our prowishons war all gone, we had eat de last bit, and dranked de last drop; de sun had peeled de skin off our hands and faces, and we had not'ing to do but to die.

"I war sitting aft wid my head on de tiller, and de sail war flapping idly in de light breeze, for I had given up attempting to find de island, when all of a sudden I heered a noise like somebody a choking. I looked up, and dere war Cæsar, holding on by de mast, and pointing wid his finger ober de sea, and making de strangest noise eber I heerd.

"I t'ought at first he war mad; I'd heerd tell dat people would go out of deir minds when cast away like we were, and I 'spected to see Cæsar jump ober board ebbery minute. But no, he didn't mobe, but kept pointing wid his finger, and making of dese strange noises; so at last I crept up to him, and I shook him, and asked him, as well as I could, for I could scarce speak, what war de matter. Den I saw dat he war trying to say somet'ing, but his tongue war so black and swollen, he could do noting wid it but make dat queer noise I heerd. Den I looked where he pointed, and dere a long, long way off I see a sail. I rubbed my eyes, for I'd bin deceived so often, I couldn't b'liebe it. I looked again: no mistake dis time; dere war a sail in sight, sure 'nough.

"Oh, de joy of dat moment; de 'fect war miraculous. Hope once more took de place of despair; our spirits rose like de glass riz in fine weader; and our berry limbs seemed all of a sudden to get new strengt' in dem. To seize de tiller, trim de sails, and lay de boat's head for de strange sail war de work of a moment, a'most, we were so 'cited. 'Now, Cæsar,' I say, 'you take de tiller, while I go for'ard and take a look at dat sail.' So for'ard I went; dere she war, far away down on de eastern board, standing right across us; so I told Cæsar to ease off de main-sheet, and keep her away

a couple of points, while Jim and I sent up de gaff-topsail, and set de flying jib.

"Dis brought de breeze on our quarter, and away we went spanking along wid a flowing sheet at de rate of six or seben knots.

"When fust we see de stranger, she were hull-down, but we could make him out to be a full-rigged ship on a wind, wid top-gallan's'lls and royals set: but de course we lay neared us ebbery minute; and we soon rose de hull. She war a big ship, and she got bigger and bigger, and I ought to hab knowed her, but I war too dizzy to see clar; I neber t'ought of not'ing, but dere she war, and dat I must catch her.

"As de day wore on, de breeze freshened, and I saw dat de ship war forging ahead too fast for us to intercept her, as I had hoped to do. We should pass a couple of miles astern of her if we held on de same course; but dere war noting else to be done: if we hauled our wind she would beat us still more, and after all, dey could see us a couple of mile off easy enough if dey looked dat way. So dere war noting for it but to stand on; and at one time I made sure we war sin. I t'ought de ship war heaving to, and I rubbed de sleebe of my coat across my eyes to wipe off de tears of joy, when—oh gen'lemen! I saw de yards swing round as dey put her before de wind, I saw de sails fill as dey caught de breeze, and I saw de ship lift her stern out of de water, and de glimmer of de glass in de cabin winders—she war leabing us.

"Up I jumped frantic, mad wid terror; I shouted, I wabed, I screamed: it war of no use, and I knowed it. Away, away, away went our last chance of escape from de deat' which now stared us in de face.

"In half an hour de ship were hull-down; in an hour I could only see her royals: in ten minutes more we war alone upon de ocean once more.

"I den gabe it up, sa; bote me and de men gabe it up. No one spoke a word; we sank down where we war, neber 'specting to rise no more in dis world. It war late in de afternoon when we lost sight of de strange ship, and as I lay upon de deck I could see de moon rise as de evening come; and den I saw de stars come out, and den I b'liebe I slept; and I know I prayed, but little did I tink dat God would hear my prayer.

"At last I sartinly slept, for I war woke out of a sound sleep by a blow on my head. I sat up, sick and dizzy wid long fasting, and at fust I didn't know if I war dead or alibe; den come a shock as do de boat struck on a rock, and I war pitched on my head again; I looked up—a great black mass of somet'ing, I couldn't tell what, hung ober; I scrambled up on my legs and I put out my hand, and I touched dis great black mass. It war a rock; and what is dat? and what is dat? am I alibe or dead? am I asleep or awake? Gen'lemen, I couldn't b'liebe my eyes; what my hand touched was St. Dabid's Head, what I saw was St. George's Harbour. De good Lord had heard my prayer; and we were saved. By no exertions of our own, but by de mercy of de Lord, our boat war guided during de night into de berry mout' of de harbour—dat be all, gen'lemen."

"Thank you, Forbes; a most wonderful and

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providential escape, certainly; but what about the ship that you say you ought to have known?" I asked.

"She war de 'Hawk,' sa; yes, for true, de berry ship I war on de look-out for; and she war de means, under de blessing of God, of sabin'g our libes too; she war bound for Bermooda, and by following her widout knowing it t'rough de night, we brought up at St. Dabid's Head."

"I wonder such a week at sea did not cure you of a taste for it, Forbes," I observed.

"No, sa, noting will cure me of dat; but I nebber hab bin outside St. George's Harbour since, widout a compass in my pocket and a prayer in my heart. I feel dat I need bote, gen'lemen."

Old Forbes was right; a compass and a prayer are good companions, whether by sea or land.

VARIATIONS IN THE LABOUR MARKET.

THERE is a theory that both labour and capital must each find their respective dead levels of profit, with as much certainty as water finds its material level. This theory, in the main, may be correct, but, for all that, there are many wide and curious variations in the local wages of labour. Capital is well provided with its special organs, each one being a faithful mirror of the "money market," and giving timely warning of the rise or depression in certain investments. Labour is not so carefully and wisely waited upon, with all its numerous trade unions, and it has to learn, by a rule of touch, where it is most wanted, and will consequently be best paid. Official or parliamentary returns often spring up amidst a mass of blue-book rubbish, disclosing facts such as no societies for the protection and benefit of labour ever take the trouble to collect. Even when they are published, the journals which circulate chiefly amongst the working classes take little heed of them, and often prefer to feed their numerous supporters on far less nourishing food. A little timely information upon the variations of wages in different localities would always be useful to both masters and men; and it might often check those trade disputes, which become widened by ignorance and obstinacy into disastrous strikes.

A table of statistics, giving valuable information upon the rates of wages for stokers, labourers, bricklayers, carpenters, and smiths, in nearly three hundred leading towns and cities of England, may be found buried in the voluminous papers of the late Gas Controversy. It shows the remarkable variations in the value of equal labour, in towns not many miles from each other, and proves that the dead level theory of wages and profit is not so uniformly conclusive as many persons suppose.

The length and numerical complication of this return prevent our quoting it entire; and we therefore pick a few instructive facts from its contents, to show the extremes of payment for the same class of labour. The return bears date December, 1859; and it states "the amount of wages paid at the gas-works, and in the neighbourhood of certain gas companies in the United Kingdom," etc.

At Coventry, an important town, the wages for stokers are 21s. per week; for labourers, 15s.; for bricklayers and carpenters, 24s.; and for smiths, 26s. At Derby, another important town, joined to Coventry by a few miles of rail and telegraphic wire, the wages for stokers are only 18s. a week, but for bricklayers, 27s., and for carpenters and smiths, 30s. The labourers are paid the same wages (15s. per week) as at Coventry. At Gloucester, stokers receive 31s. 9d. per week; labourers, 15s.; bricklayers and carpenters, 22s.; and smiths, 22s. 6d. At Worcester, a town not far distant, on the same line of railway, stokers are reduced to 23s. a week; while bricklayers and carpenters are raised to 23s. and 24s. respectively; and labourers and smiths remain at the same wages, 15s., and 22s. 6d. At Canterbury, stokers are paid 25s. per week; labourers, 15s.; bricklayers, 24s.; carpenters, 21s.; and smiths, 24s.; and at Dover, almost, so to speak, the next station, stokers receive 24s. 9d. per week; labourers are advanced to 18s.; and bricklayers, carpenters, and smiths, to 27s. At Dublin, stokers get 27s. 6d. per week; labourers, 15s.; bricklayers, carpenters, and smiths, 28s. At Glasgow, stokers are reduced to 21s. per week; labourers, to 14s.; bricklayers, to 27s.; carpenters, to 25s. 6d.; and smiths, to 23s. At Calne, stokers are paid 14s. per week; labourers, 11s.; and bricklayers, carpenters, and smiths, 18s. At Bristol, not far distant, stokers are raised to 21s. per week; labourers, to 15s.; and bricklayers, carpenters, and smiths, to 24s. At Cardiff, a port not far from Bristol, across the country, stokers are again raised to 24s. 6d. per week; labourers, to 18s.; bricklayers, to 30s.; and carpenters, to 27s.; smiths only remaining the same, at 24s. a week.

The lowest wages for stokers, given in the list, are 10s. a week, at Beminster; and the highest is 32s., at Broughton. The lowest wages for labourers, are 5s. per week, at Winslow, and 8s. at Hungerford; the highest, 21s. at Richmond, Wandsworth, and West Ham. The lowest wages for bricklayers are 15s. per week, at Bruton, Halesworth, and Eye; and the highest, 40s. at Bradford, Yorkshire. The highest wages for carpenters are 33s. per week, at Manchester and West Ham; and the lowest, 15s. at Yeovil. The highest wages for smiths are 34s. 6d. per week, at Newark; and the lowest, 14s. at Halesworth. The average wages between these two extremes, for stokers, in 288 towns, are 20s. 2½d. per week; for labourers, in 241 towns, 14s. 9½d.; for bricklayers, in 259 towns, 24s.; for carpenters, in 252 towns, 23s.; and for smiths, in 245 towns, 23s. 3d. The average wages paid to these class of labourers, at the same period, by the London Gas Companies, are, stokers, 32s. per week; labourers, 18s.; and bricklayers, carpenters, and smiths, 33s.

There are scores of facts like these, scattered throughout the tables. The effect of the poor laws, as regards settlement, and the variations in house-rent, should perhaps be stated as partly accounting for these inequalities of wages; but beyond this, we must seek for the cause in popular ignorance. The working classes have few reliable statistics to refer to as their guides in selling their

labour, and their rule of touch, like all unscientific attempts to arrive at the truth, is constantly liable to mislead them.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE GIPSIES.

CHAPTER II.

Most classes of society have produced their distinguished men. Such was Il Zingaro, the gipsy, as his name imports, who became an Italian artist. He belonged to a horde of wanderers in the wild mountains of the Abruzzi, subject to the general law of Italy, that no gipsy should remain more than two nights in the same place. In the course of his adventures, the youth rendered some service to Colantine del Fiore, a painter of note at Naples, who was so much pleased with his activity and obliging disposition, that he invited him to his house to become his assistant. This was in the early part of the fifteenth century. The offer was accepted as a temporary provision, and Il Zingaro became one of the "roof-people." He would not long have remained in that condition, for his heart was with the woods, the streams, and the free air of the hills, but for one of the commonest incidents of life. He fell in love with his master's only daughter, and she was not indifferent to her father's *protégé*. The avowal or discovery of this attachment led to his immediate dismissal; and, in addition to being unceremoniously turned out of doors, the old man vowed that his daughter should never wed except with a greater painter than himself.

This intimation, intended effectually to discourage Il Zingaro, and send him back to his native wilds, had a precisely contrary effect. It opened the door of hope; it inspired him with the bold resolve to become a painter; and he had not resided with the Neapolitan some years without picking up knowledge. At that time the most celebrated school of art in Italy was at Bologna, presided over by Lippo Dalmasi, famous for his Madonnas. One by his hand, held in great veneration, may be seen in the church of San Pretonio. He painted also the arch over the door of San Procolo in fresco, and a colossal picture of Christ, for the high altar in the church of San Francesco. To Bologna the would-be artist wended his way, and, being accustomed to a roving life, with its hard-ups, mishaps, and shifts, he had no difficulty in reaching the city. But when there, two points almost immediately pressed for attention, which had not been thought of before—the means of subsistence in a strange place, and of raising money for the admission fees into Lippo's school. While pondering upon these difficulties, the cry of "Water," "Water," saluted the ears of the adventurer. Il Zingaro saw his chance, and at once resolved to be a water-carrier. He was soon noted as one of the most punctual and obliging of the class in Bologna. Day after day, week after week, he laboured at his calling, and by severe economy raised the necessary money, besides supporting himself. Then, with a light heart, he enrolled his name as one of Lippo's students.

Morning and evening Il Zingaro was still a water-carrier, more good-humoured and civil than

ever. In the intermediate part of the day he was a diligent art-student, determined to improve to the utmost the position he had won. His assiduity attracted the notice of his master, who encouraged it by giving him opportunities to show his capacity. At last, after five years' application, as was usual, he was called upon to paint a picture as an evidence of his proficiency, before quitting the school, and becoming a candidate for public employment with Lippo's sanction. The subject given him was a Madonna, and upon it he exerted all his skill. He painted the well-remembered image of his former master's daughter, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. The Bolognese were in raptures with the picture, on its public exhibition, and high offers of patronage were made to the young painter. But Bologna had no longer any charms for Il Zingaro. He hastened with his Madonna to Naples, where it was bought by a princess of the royal family, and admired by all parties, especially by Colantine del Fiore. Great was his astonishment on beholding the features of his daughter; and learning who the artist was, the very gipsy he had turned out of doors, he now gladly consented to bestow the prize sought with such fidelity and determination.

Freedom from restraint, with the habit of vagrancy indulged in early life, is apt to create a passion for it incompatible with regular industrial pursuits; and many a time have gipsy children, provided for in household service by the benevolently disposed, bounded back to the tents of their fathers, not with ingratitude to their benefactors, but in the spirit of the strain:—

"Farewell, farewell; I leave you now;
My foot springs light o'er mountain brow,
O'er heathery plain, through mossy glen,
To join my wandering tribe again.

"How freshly now this lightsome air
Wantons in my streamy hair;
My naked foot the streamlet laves,
I love, I do, its dancing waves.

"I come, my people, wild and free,
To your desert homes right joyously;
The voice of your hills has been with me long,
The care-worn dwellings of men among.

"The sound of your streams has filled mine ear,
When nothing I cared for and loved was near;
It has solaced, supported, through care and pain,
Till I burst my bonds to join you again."

But with us in recent times, the enclosure of the waste lands, the vigilance of the police, the diminished demand for fortune-telling, and the efforts of the philanthropic, with a constantly advancing civilization, have constrained the fathers to have recourse to stated occupations prohibiting change of place, in order to eke out a livelihood, and have thereby withdrawn their offspring from contact in youthful years with a pernicious example of vagabondizing. In another generation, it may be anticipated that the following portrait of the gipsy will belong entirely to the past.

"He leads a lawless life where laws are strict;
On all society he buccaneers:
And owning not an inch of British ground,
Stranger alike to taxes and to rent,
He fastens like a weed on every soil,
And thrives his season in the fairest place."

We shall go a gipsying in another closing paper

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Leyden,

—at a season of the year when many of our readers are also gipsying, in the sense of breaking away from the ordinary occupations of life for an afternoon, lighting a fire in the woods for tea, gathering blackberries, listening to the birds, and enjoying healthful pastime. Meanwhile, here are a few more Scottish notes of the race.

The minister of Kirk Yetholm lingered long across the Border, whither he had gone on a visit into Northumberland, pleased with the hospitality and converse of his host. He had no wish to be benighted on his way home, having some miles of dreary country to pass, with wild people in the neighbourhood, apt to be out in the dark to pilfer from the solitary farm-houses, lay hen-roosts under contribution, abstract from the sheepfold, or venture upon the bolder feat of emptying a traveller's pockets. Though good Mr. Leck had no apprehension of being molested by any one who knew him—and many of the marauders were his own parishioners—yet his person might not be recognised after night-fall, or perchance a gentleman of the road might be encountered to whom he was an entire stranger. The shadows gathered quickly after he had mounted his steed, and hid from view the outlines of the Cheviot hills. In order to make a near cut to the manse, the minister struck into a wild track used by the cattle-drovers. It led him by an old deserted shepherd's cabin, from whence bolted a ruffian demanding his money. If discomposed by the summons, it was only for a moment, for he instantly recognised the gruff voice and great black bushy head of almost his next-door neighbour, *Gleid-neckit-Will*, the gipsy chief. "Dear me, William," said he, in his usual quiet way, "can this be you? Ye're surely no serious wi' me? Ye wadna sae far wrang your character for a gude neighbour, for the bit trifle I hae to gie, William." "Saif us, Mr. Leck!" said Will, quitting the rein, and lifting his hat with great respect, "wha wad hae thought o' meeting you out owre here away? Ye needna grip for ony siller. I wadna touch a plack o' your gear, or a hair o' your head, for a' the gowd o' Tivdale. I ken ye'll no do us an ill turn for this mistak!"

The village of Yetholm, in Roxburghshire, has for nearly three centuries been a metropolis of the gipsies, and still contains a number of them, far more regular in their habits than those of a by-gone generation. It lies embosomed in the Cheviots, on the banks of the Bowmont or Yeta, a fine trout stream, and occupies a pastoral valley, unsheltered with wood, but bounded with smooth steep hills of beautiful verdure. The stream passes into England, and falls into the Till near Flodden Field. Being apart in former times from the public roads, the sequestered situation of the place, with its nearness to the frontier, was a convenience to the rovers. From hence they could readily visit the neighbouring districts of both kingdoms, by solitary by-paths known only to themselves and the cattle-drovers, while the hills and streams abounded with game and fish; and as a recommendation of no slight importance to the lawless ones, justices and constables were few and far between. Dr. John Leyden, the celebrated orientalist, who was well

acquainted with the spot, has thus referred to its occupiers:—

"On Yeta's banks the vagrant gipsies place
Their turf-built cots; a sun-burnt swarthy race.
From Nubia's realms their tawny line they bring,
And their brown chieftain vaunts the name of king;
With loitering steps from town to town they pass,
Their lazy dames rocked on the panniered ass;
From pilfered roots, or nauseous carrion, fed,
By hedgerows green they strow their leafy bed,
While scarce the cloak of tawdry red conceals
The fine-turned limbs, which every breeze reveals:
Their bright black eyes through silken lashes shine,
Around their necks their raven tresses twine;
But chilling damps, and dews of night, impair
Its soft sleek gloss, and tan the bosom bare.
Adroit the lines of palmistry to trace,
Or read the damsel's wishes in her face,
Her hoarded silver store they charm away,
A pleasing debt, for promised wealth to pay."

Leyden was born in the parish of Denholm on the Teviot, which, in his time, was partly occupied by gipsies. He once witnessed a skirmish between two clans, in which they fought with clubs having narrow teeth driven transversely through them. These fights were generally provoked by one band trespassing upon the beat of another.

The minister's adventure with the gipsy illustrates a general characteristic of the race. According to their notions of morality, it is thought disgraceful to steal from a benefactor or friend. Nor will they plunder those on whose property they are permitted to reside; and when trusted with money, and in the settlement of a debt, they are to be depended upon, if coercion is not employed. But with reference to parties to whom they have not been bound by any acknowledged tie, to say nothing of those with whom they are at variance, the true gipsy has ever felt himself at liberty to prey upon them to his heart's content, not only without shame or remorse, but as a very meritorious action, if the dishonesty has been so cleverly executed that no discovery ensues. One of the Italian race, upon being brought to trial for a theft, declared that his law allowed him to take as much from others every day as sufficed for his maintenance. But this limit to depredation has been by no means practically recognised; and beyond all dispute, certain uncomplimentary phrases in our early statutes were richly merited, such as "yll disposed persons," "rascals, vacabonds," and "sturdy roags."

In trials for theft, the supposed or real culprits have seemed to consider themselves persecuted persons, and in the face of strong suspicion, or even open conviction, have preserved an unabashed and unembarrassed demeanour. In the case of one whose guilt could not be legally proved, though it was not doubted, for he was an old offender, the jury returned a verdict of "not proven," upon which the presiding judge remarked, while dismissing him from the bar, that he had "rubbit shouthers wi' the gallows that morning," and warned him not to appear again with a similar body of evidence. His counsel also deemed it prudent to administer a caution, to which he coolly replied, that he was "proven an innocent man, and naeboddy had ony right to use siccan language to him." Old Charlie Graham, chief of a tribe scattered over the counties of Aberdeen, Perth, and Fife, was often in trouble. Upon appearing in court on one occasion, the judge

asked him, in a surly tone, what had brought him there. "The auld thing again, my laird," said he, "but nae proof." An affecting anecdote is related of his son, hanged for horse-stealing at Perth. A short time before the execution, he was observed to be very pensive and thoughtful, leaning upon a bench. Suddenly he started up, and exclaimed to the bystanders, in a mournful tone of voice, "Oh, can any o' ye read, sirs? will some o' ye read a psalm to me?" at the same time regretting his own inability. The fifty-first psalm was read, which seemed to move him. Though originally the gipsies seem to have been entirely destitute of anything worthy of being termed religion, yet policy has undeviatingly led them to profess the faith of the country in which, for the time, they have resided, whether Mohammedan or Christian, Romish or Reformed. No trace of any system of idolatry has ever been detected among them.

OUR HOLY FATHER THE POPE.

A FLYING-SHEET with this title has been widely circulated in Paris. As no publication can escape the vigilant censorship of the press, it is to be presumed that this circulates with the permission or connivance of the French government. While it affords a curious proof of the nature of the relations at this moment existing between the Romish Church and her "eldest son," the plain scriptural truths accompanying the political statements will reach the understanding of multitudes who know nothing of the real points at issue between Protestantism and the Papacy.

I.

Always the same tune! In the street and at home, in the newspapers and in conversation, at church and at the pothouse, we hear nothing else but discussions on our Holy Father the Pope.

All this noise becomes tiresome. The poor dear old man may have made some mistakes, that is his misfortune; but it is his own look-out.

If, as is said, he has broken faith with his people by making promises to them which he has never kept, I think that, after having exhausted their stock of patience, they have a right to say to him, "Holy Father, we beg you a thousand pardons for leaving you, but we prefer to have for a temporal leader a brave and gallant king who keeps his word."

If, as is said, he curses modern civilization, and believes that liberty is meant for him alone, what is to be done? Is not a shrug of the shoulders the best reply?

If he mistakes obstinacy for dignity, the *non possumus* for magnanimity, Castelfidardo for a glorious battle-field, the abductions of Mortara and Bluth for acts of heroic virtue—truly the infallibility of the Holy Father appears to me to be somewhat at fault.

If, as is said, the Holy Father is doomed to fall headlong from the summit of his temporal power, it will only be by his own over-balance, and because he did not think it worth while to give a substructure to his edifice by deserving the love of his subjects; and that is his own look-out.

II.

If the Holy Father followed in the steps of Christ, proving to us by his conduct that he is the first disciple of a kind and loving Master;

If, instead of reminding us of Peter's pence and the patrimony of the Church, he spoke to us of a celestial kingdom and of the treasures of faith and morality;

If he busied himself a little less with rifled cannon, and a little more with the spiritual weapons with which he would teach us to overcome injustice, idleness, and debauchery;

If, following in the steps of the Lord, he would drive the venders out of the Temple, that the whole edifice should contain only works of purity, charity, and piety;

If, in a word, he only gave us as a command the holy Gospels;

Oh, then we should vie with one another to give him a welcome. A thousand voices would shout, "Hail to the Pontiff we want! Long live the Holy Father!"

III.

But if he shuts himself up in his *non possumus*—if he refuses to take one step to place himself on a level with the age, and to agree with Him who is the Master of all ages, we have but one choice—to do without him.

Let this alarm no one.

His fall cannot hurt us, because it is not he who saves us.

His name is not to be found on the lips of Jesus Christ or of the Apostles.

The first Christians did without him, and were none the worse for it.

In fact, he has entered the Church with his tiara resplendent with jewels, with his *cortège* of proud prelates, holding out his foot to be kissed by those who approach his throne.

He has come dictating laws to the kings and emperors of the earth, claiming for himself alone universal supremacy.

He has come with his mouth full of invectives for his enemies, and for those who do not submit to his arbitrary decrees.

He has come to abduct children from their mothers, to prohibit the clergy from marriage, to throw disorder broadcast into the Church of God.

He has come shouting, "To arms, to arms!" and but recently we have all heard the echo of his bellicose shouts, "Stand by me, Zouaves! Lamoricière, to the rescue! Charge, Europe, in my name!"

And how can he, then, call himself the representative of the meek and humble Jesus, whose kingdom is not of this world, and who declined every crown, except a crown of thorns?

How dare he claim the name of Him who came not to be waited upon, but to serve; who had no place wherewithal to lay his head; whose followers were the poor, and indigent, and sick; who came only to bless us and to save us?

How dare he compare himself to Him who blessed little children, and restored them to their mothers—who declared marriage honourable to all men—who has said, "Put back your sword into the scabbard, for all those who draw the sword shall perish by the sword."

"And Jesus Christ said to his disciples, You know that those who rule our nations treat them with authority, and that their princes exercise authority over them. With you this shall not be so, but otherwise. Let you not be called masters, for ye have but one Master, who is Christ, and ye are all brothers."

Let us, then, not trouble ourselves about the fate of the Holy Father.

Let us acknowledge Jesus Christ as our only Master.

Yes, Jesus Christ, who gives to God only the title of Holy Father, and who has said to his disciples, "Call no one on earth your father, for you have only one Father, who is in heaven."

Yes; Jesus Christ, who offers himself to us as Master, Pontiff, Interceder, and Saviour;

Jesus Christ, in a word, who died, but who lives from century to century, and who promises to us an only substitute, only vicar, till he returns in person—the Holy Ghost, which he gives as a guide and a consoler to all those who put their trust in him.

Let me resume:—Leave to those whom it concerns the right of settling the affairs of Rome.

Let us not trouble ourselves about the Pope.

Let us take as a guide the Holy Gospels, and as Master, Jesus Christ alone.

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No. 4